



# Picturesque Views of Coveted Morocco



**A** PROPOS of the recent sharp interchange of diplomatic views between France and Germany concerning the future of Morocco and the Moors all that relates directly to that north African

country and its inhabitants becomes of especial interest. This is accentuated by the fact that the moment seems to have arrived suddenly, and almost with an international shock, when the various powers are called upon to express once for all their ultimate intention in regard to the conduct of France and Germany over the ancient country of the Carthaginians.

For many years it has been no secret other than a diplomatic and farcical one that France has been engaged in a feverish attempt to absorb as much as possible of the territory known collectively as Barbary. The French were first to enter the lists and succeeded in obtaining a firm foothold before the Germans awoke to the merits of the situation. The presence of France in north Africa is the result of an accident. In the sixteenth century Algeria claimed to be a model eastern empire, but its government was a shameless absolutism, and its people were pirates of an exceedingly degenerate brand. The country was so outside the pale of civilization that it was esteemed a singularly virtuous act for a Christian nation to send a punitive expedition now and then.

The Algerines did not grow better with age. In 1815 the United States chartered them and a year later a combined Dutch and English fleet bombarded the city of Algiers and put an end to Christian slavery. In 1830 a French consul, who had been refreshing himself rather too generously in the bazars, entered a mosque without removing his top boots, mistaking the sacred edifice for an inn. This apparent sacrilege so infuriated the Moors that they put him to death. France acted with great promptness and sent an army to subdue the insolent Moslems. The indignant Frenchmen were not sent to demand an apology and financial reparation. Their orders were to conquer the country.

They found this not an easy thing to do. It was accomplished only after many years of bloody war. It was not until 1847 that they succeeded in capturing the agile Abdel Kader, who seems to have been a very tough proposition. Then they appointed a military governor and proceeded to rule the country. They had plenty of discouragement, and it was several years before they could venture to replace the military governor with a civil one. Finally, however, they did it and Algeria has ever since remained a French province.

In the course of time many immi-



A SOUTHERN BEAUTY

grants came from France and the colonial government began to show signs of expansion. The troubles incident to the Franco-Prussian war checked all enterprise in this direction for awhile, but as they began to recover from the blow the French manifested a disposition to reach out and help themselves. Affairs in Tunis, on the east of Algeria, were a good deal mixed, as is not unusual in an oriental state, and the French government, backed by its army in Algeria, assumed a protectorate. European governments looked on with varying emotions. England was in the habit of doing such things herself, and she could not object consistently. Russia was trying to gather sufficient courage to attempt the same trick in Asia, and Italy had begun to do things in Madagascar. It was Germany alone that recorded a mighty protest.

From that time to this the game has been going on without much intermission. Germany has never shown any inclination to permit the French to acquire the whole of Barbary, as they expect ultimately to do. There would probably be no bar to France's benevo-



MOORISH MATRON AT HOME

lent desire to establish a protectorate over Morocco, the sultanate adjoining Algeria on the southwest, if Germany had not made up her mind to attach that valuable and interesting region to the empire. As it is there are already remonstrances, disputes, threats and no end of diplomatic warfare. The Kaiser has paid a visit to the country and likes it. From the Teutonic standpoint that is much. Meanwhile the German influence in north Africa is tremendous.

Morocco is worthy the attention of any nation desiring to add the element of picturesque to its territory. It is a land in which progress is unknown. Progress is a word for which the Moorish dialects have no synonym. It is not a desert, although it adjoins the Sahara. It really contains much soil of almost incredible fertility. It is a land, also, in which neither science nor capital has ever come to the aid of the

husbandman. Agriculture is probably at a lower ebb than it was in the days when the envious sons of the Biblical patriarch carried their empty sacks into fruitful Egypt.

There is no better wheat in the world than that raised in Morocco. In view

heard of malt. He feeds on durrah, a sort of millet, and he eats little else. Sometimes he varies the monotony with a few beans or a little canary seed, but he rarely touches flesh. Although his ancestors were pirates, the Moor now leads a pastoral life, and he

is not at all suggestive of the impetu-

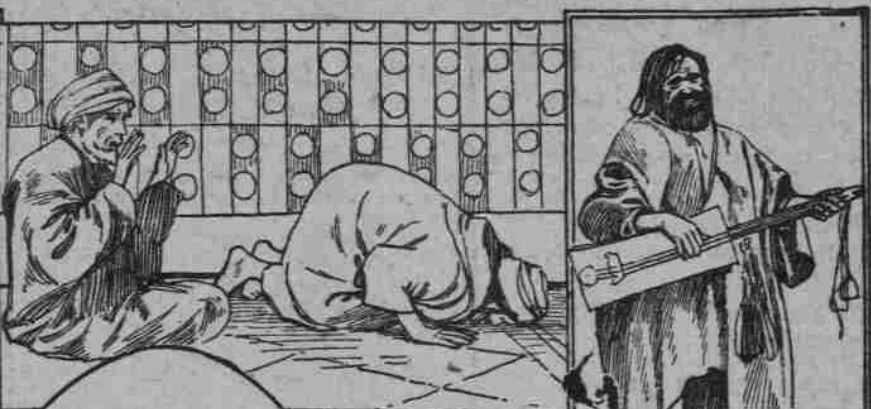
of the modern Moor does not live up to his ancient reputation for ferocity. He

lence of the people. The wool from the backs of their half starved herds is the equal of that from the valleys of Cashmere. It commands an enormous figure in the foreign markets, but the supply is infinitesimal. Most of it is used at home, and there is often great lack of it even for domestic purposes. Hides tanned in Morocco have a worldwide reputation, especially those of Mequinez. If nature did not come forward and furnish almost free of effort the lions' and panthers' skins from which the famous mequinez is made, Morocco would certainly be minus another industry. The best of these skins are as soft as silk and as white as snow. Some of them are dyed beautifully, but only one shade is manufactured in a locality. Red Morocco comes from Fez and from nowhere else. Green is the exclusive possession of Taflet, and the city of Morocco has a monopoly of the yellow. Another lively Moroccan industry is the making of cloth caps. These are the close fitting head coverings so much affected by Moslems the world over. The Moors prefer other headgear, but they find a ready market for all the caps they can make, and caravans loaded with them leave Fez weekly for the Algerine frontier. Every Frenchman in the province is provided with one of these small bright colored caps.

For centuries the Moors have managed to keep their country closed to all the world. With the exception of a few consular officials and a handful of missionaries there are no white residents living in the interior. No other country in the world has remained for so long a time in self contented ignorance. There seems to have been a steady retrogression ever since the expulsion of the Moors from Spain and their return to Morocco, bearing with them in their sorrowful flight the remnants of their rudely interrupted arts and learning. In these days the two universities of Fez and Marrakech, the ancient name of the city of Morocco, were known even in Europe as seats of learning. These schools have become the merest echo of their former selves. Today they are absurdities in an educational sense and are rather hotbeds of fanaticism and that species of oriental intrigue which is at its best in the pages of fiction.

Unlike many eastern countries, Japan for instance, the population of Morocco is bound together by no ties of patriotism. There is no such term as fatherland in the language. The whole system of the country is tribal, and no man looks beyond his tribal affiliations. There are few chances for individuals to distinguish themselves. Next to the frank and unqualified hatred which the Moor feels for the Christian, and that is a part of his religion and must be regarded as such, is the distaste he has for the society of a low countryman who chances to be of a tribal strain differing from his own.

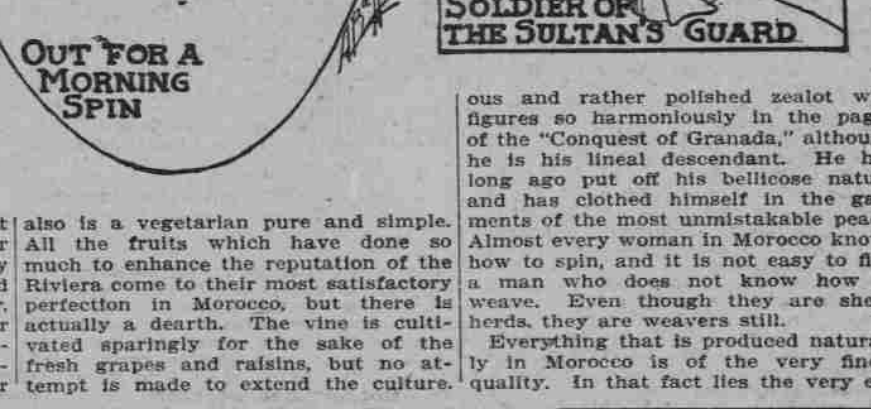
JOHN E. WATERS.



PRAYING MOORS



A WANDERING SINGER



SOLDIER OF THE SULTAN'S GUARD

OUT FOR A MORNING SPIN



A GUINEA MOOR

of that fact it is sad to confess that there is so little raised that wheat flour is rarely seen. Corn grows luxuriantly and yields with a generosity that would inspire the envy of a Kansas farmer. But he need not distress himself over possible competition; there is very little raised. Barley grows almost without cultivation, but the Moor has never

also is a vegetarian pure and simple. All the fruits which have done so much to enhance the reputation of the Riviera come to their most satisfactory perfection in Morocco, but there is actually a dearth. The vine is cultivated sparingly for the sake of the fresh grapes and raisins, but no attempt is made to extend the culture.

ous and rather polished zealot who figures so harmoniously in the pages of the "Conquest of Granada," although he is his lineal descendant. He has long ago put off his bellicose nature and has clothed himself in the garments of the most unmistakable peace. Almost every woman in Morocco knows how to spin, and it is not easy to find a man who does not know how to weave. Even though they are shepherds, they are weavers still. Everything that is produced naturally in Morocco is of the very finest quality. In that fact lies the very ex-

## William Ziegler, the Richest Boy In the World

**Fourteen-year-old Lad, Worth \$30,000,000, Who Will Try to Discover the Elusive North Pole**

**F**OR many years the name of William Ziegler has been a power in the American financial world. Today its perpetuation and its financial import are centered in the rather diminutive personality of a boy of fourteen, the nephew, adopted son and heir of the man who made the name what it is. The William Ziegler that was reared out of the mist of obscurity to both fame and fortune, what the William Ziegler that is will do remains to be seen.

He is a mainly little fellow, small for his years, but endowed with an intellectual capacity which argues well for his future. To many boys of his tender age the sudden coming of an inheritance of \$30,000,000 would be a fearful test. It cannot fail to be all of that for young William Ziegler, boy owner of the great wealth accumulated by the uncle for whom he was named, known in commercial parlance as the "baking powder king" and in the scientific world as "a searcher for the pole."

Although somewhat undersized, the boy is sturdy and of a robust physique. That he is of vigorous constitution has been shown beyond cavil by his heroic endurance of the consequences of a serious accident which happened to him during the Easter holidays. If he had been anything less than a normal, rollicking, fun loving boy he would have escaped this injury brought about by the activity incident to a rough and tumble pillow fight with some of his schoolmates who were his guests for the holidays. His condition has only recently become free from uncertainty. No less than three decidedly grave surgical operations were found necessary, and the lad is still interned at the Ziegler summer home at Noroton, on Long Island sound. He is progressing so favorably, however, that it is becoming evident to his careful guardians that he is going to make a perfect recovery.

Unusual as it certainly is, young William Ziegler seems to appreciate his decidedly unique position. He appears to have obtained in some way a perfectly definite understanding of the responsibilities which are incident to great wealth. Most remarkable of all, he has arrived at a stubborn determination to accomplish the purpose which was so markedly the premier hobby of the elder Ziegler's later years—this

small lad with shining eyes and a serious look on his round face has already announced his unalterable intention of finding the north pole.

Nor does this appear to be a sudden whimsicality born of the excitement of the moment or of the inexperience of his years. The boy's positiveness is clearly the outcome of education, the result of an encyclopaedic drill in which the glory of one possible scientific achievement has been sung most effectively. The lad is dominated by the same desire that made his adopted father the most generous patron of arctic exploration the world has ever known. The story of the project has been pictured to the boy ever since he was large enough to comprehend it. For years it has been the one great topic discussed in the Ziegler household, and it is a fact that in the latter part of his life the late Mr. Ziegler had small interest in any other. Thus it is that now, lying on his couch and gazing out upon the ocean, the boy enthusiast spends his wearisome days of waiting in watching the outfalling ships and dreaming of the day when he, too, may point his prow northward.

Behind all this there is much that is romantic and even pathetic. The youthful heir to so many millions was born William Brandt, his father being William Ziegler's half brother. While Willie was still a baby it became necessary for relatives to undertake the support of some of the Brandt children and Mr. Ziegler proposed to the Brandts that Willie should be given to him for adoption. The Zieglers were childless and wealthy. The baby's mother died about that time, and the father consented to the transfer of the little one to his more fortunate brother's household.

From the moment of his entrance into his uncle's comfortable home the boy was a winner. He stilled the longing in their yearning hearts and inspired fresh interest in the lives of the lonely couple. With that inexplicable facility of adaptation, which is at once so human and so touching, this worthy man and woman lavished upon the child of their adoption all the wealth of their hearts' full treasury. He accepted their devotion unquestioningly and returned it in kind. Long before he had outgrown the prattle of babyhood he was as much a part and parcel of the Ziegler home life as if he were not a transplanted feature of it. Until the elder Ziegler died, last May,



WILLIE ZIEGLER.

the fortunate youngster had never received the slightest intimation that the man who had responded so nobly to all his needs was not his father. For some time afterward he was permitted to remain in ignorance of the true relationship. On account of his temporarily feeble condition it was thought advisable to defer the confession. When he was told he was neither startled nor aggrieved. When he became conscious of the fact that his own father was alive and that his putative cousins were transformed into brothers and

sisters it did not for a moment diminish the strength of the loving memory in which he had enshrined the man who had been so much to him. All that he could be induced to say about the matter was: "He was my father. I shall never have any other, and I shall do exactly as he wished."

William Ziegler, "the baking powder king and pole searcher," made for himself one of the most interesting careers ever planned and carried out by an American citizen. He was a native of

the printer's trade. But he was from the first dominated by the determination to win a fortune, and he saw little opportunity to succeed in his chosen calling, so he abandoned it and engaged in several ventures, none of which proved to be profitable. Finally he became a druggist and soon developed a remarkable fondness for chemical experimentation. He was especially interested in the composition of soda compounds and their allied salts. In 1863 Mr. Ziegler removed to New York

ing manufactured and sold in a small way in Chicago. He had little money, but his energy was something phenomenal. Having satisfied himself that the Windy City commodity was destined to supply him with the means for further expansion, he proceeded to acquire control of it. He traveled all over the United States with a propaganda so effective that he revolutionized the long accepted process of baking and laid the foundation of the great fortune which came to him.

contesting manufacturers in a great baking powder trust, in which his will was paramount. Cream of tartar, one of the chief ingredients of his product, is made from argols, the scrapings of wine casks, and since America is not a great wine producer, the importation of argols soon became a vital feature of the baking powder trade. To avoid complication Mr. Ziegler made arrangements to control all of the argols scraped. This move put him in absolute command of the situation; without argols no commercial cream of tartar, and without the cream of tartar, no baking powder. William Ziegler was indeed the "baking powder king."

He made so much money that in 1886 he retired from active business. That, at least, was what he professed to do, although it was not possible to detect the slightest inclination on his part to abandon the field of active effort. He soon became known as an operator in Brooklyn real estate to the extent of many millions of dollars, and his ventures were almost uniformly successful. He also took a hand in the regulation of municipal affairs and led a fight against the attempted purchase by the city of the property of the Long Island Water Supply company, saving the taxpayers \$1,500,000.

His most notable activity, however, was the outfitting of the expedition designed to explore the arctic via Franz Josef Land in search of the north pole. At a cost of at least \$300,000 he sent northward and maintained in the arctic during the season of 1901-02, under the command of Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, one of the most accomplished arctic navigators of the day, an exploring force which was superior to any ever before organized. Although the elusive pole did not yield its mystery Mr. Ziegler professed to be entirely satisfied with the result. The following year he sent out another expedition in charge of Anthony Fiala, who had been a member of the first party. Fiala has not yet returned from the arctic and early in the spring of the present year Mr. Ziegler sent a relief expedition.

ALLISON BUTLER.

**JAPANESE GODS.**  
It is said that there are no fewer than 8,000,000 gods worshiped by the Japanese. Praying is made very easy. In the streets are tall posts with prayers printed on them and with a small wheel attached. Any one can give the wheel a turn, and the counting as a prayer. The people in the second largest of the 3,500 islands of which the empire is composed worship the bear and reverence the sun, moon, fire, wind and water.

**SENTRY GUARDS IDOL.**  
In Pegu may be seen an English sentry keeping guard over a Burmese idol. The Burmese believe the idol is asleep and that when he awakes the end of the world will come. The sentry is there to prevent any one from entering the pagoda which is his place of repose and awakening him. His slumbers have lasted 5,000 years.



THE LATE WILLIAM ZIEGLER.

Beaver, Pa., and with his parents removed to the neighborhood of Muscatine, Ia., when he was a young boy. Like so many others who have become representative Americans, he learned

city and became a dealer in bakers' and confectioners' supplies. It was while he was in this business that he made up his mind to exploit a kind of baking powder which was be-

Many rival enterprises of a similar character competed with him from time to time, but he found means to outstrip all of them. Many of them he bought outright, in time uniting the